

INTEGRITY

DO + THOU + BRING + TO + HAPPY
ISSUE + THAT + UNION + OF + WHICH



THOU + THYSELF + ART + THE + AUTHOR

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SUBJECT ~ THE FAMILY

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EDITORIAL



THE current attitude toward the family is the same as that of a crowd toward a man who has just been hit by an automobile. No one dares touch him for fear of adding to his injury. Some shrug their shoulders, others, murmur a prayer, and all make the resolution to be careful not to suffer a similar misfortune. Unlike the injured individual, the injured family has no hospital to which to be taken. The only Physician Who can help the family has great difficulty in having His prescriptions filled because of the general prejudice against Him. The family is in a bad way.

An apple tree is no better than the apples which grow on its branches. A society is no better than the families of which it is comprised. No one can praise today's tree unless he ignores the diminutive, pale, and wormy fruit. Measured by the standard of familial health, our present social system compares unfavorably with any other except the materialistic totalitarian state toward which it logically proceeds. Refusal to face this fact is to betray the family. A continued demand that the family deform itself to fit the hole assigned to it now, is the policy best designed to unleash the wrath of God and of nature on this nation.

A good society is the sum total of its families, containing within it as much as possible of the spiritual and material goods necessary to meet the common needs. Any individual within the society who seeks his own good or his family's profit, *apart from* the common good, is an enemy of that society. Any individual who preaches a philosophy of self-interest *apart from* the common good, is guilty of subversive activity. The first end of a good society is the soul's salvation of its people. Its government adjusts its policies to bring about a state of affairs encouraging to virtue, and discouraging to vice. It does everything possible to facilitate the ministry of the Church in her concern for souls, and protects and aids the family from every adversity. That is society as it should be.

The present state of society is a startling contrast with these norms. Our economic habit of seeking for individual profit *without consideration* for the common good, is fundamentally a subversive doctrine. Each seeking what is his own, can bring nothing but economic chaos. (Or have you read the papers lately?) Consequently, the relation between individuals, between classes, and between families

is a state of concordat, a state of limited hostility. Each family is considered autonomous, and completely responsible for its own welfare. Aid by organized charities is administered much as a pinboy removes deadwood from a bowling alley so that the competitive game can go on. A sense of community, or the common responsibility for children has been lost. Thus it falls upon the parent to accept the whole burden which, by its nature, should be shared with his neighbors.

The profit-seekers are left free to prey upon the lone family amputated from the community. Advertising is the thin-edge of the wedge being used to split society. In addition to the obnoxious use of semi-nudes to sell their products, at the price of feminine modesty and masculine fidelity, virtues essential to the family, the ads set child against parent and neighbor against neighbor. For instance, parents are encouraged to vie with one another in the outfitting of their children. "Oh mamma," says little four-year old Ann, "Why can't I have a new dress like Mary Stoopnagle has?"

"My daddy owns a Nash!" says the little brat in the advertisement. Popular opinion mirrors the competitive snobbery provoked by the advertisers. A campaign against birth control will continue to be ineffective moralizing, without simultaneously breaking down the urge for the selective breeding of well-dressed delinquents.

The truncated family, successful at achieving its own ends, partly because it is truncated, and partly because it has picked a winning number in the economic lottery, sets the standard both nationally and parochially. Families of somewhat more than *normal* size (though considerably more than *average*) that manage to survive with respectable dignity, are accorded the same Sunday-supplement notoriety that attends the less rare birth of triplets. Emulation is hardly more expected in one case than in another. Normality in size would give our average father about five dependents, which, if he were without God's grace, and possessed the vaunted American desire "to have something better," would tempt him to accept the usual suggestions of his fellow workers to "go and see the veterinary!" Four children is the estimated average necessary to continue the race under present conditions. Birth-controllers, as evidence of God's marvelous way of bringing good from evil, do not perpetuate themselves. Until they die out, however, they will continue to set the standard in many things as well as the high price of diapers.

Without normal families to set the standard, we have already become a nation of selective breeders. Society is now for the elect, and churches for good people. The conscientious gardener of another

age when asked "How does your garden grow?" did not stamp through a tangle of stunted weed-choked blossoms, and proudly point to a lone and magnificent flower. This has, however, become the practice of the individual who refuses to face the fact that there is not wide enough distribution of economic manure or sufficient social cultivation to support any more than a few well-cared-for families. Unanimous opinion is that a normal family is impossible in a society which doesn't know what normality is. That opinion is correct — if we overlook God. With Him all things are possible, especially a normal family.

* * * *

When preparing this issue, we realized that dedicating it to the family was somewhat redundant. Every issue of INTEGRITY is a family issue. All the ideas pertaining to the reintegration of religion and life directly concern the family, for next to the salvation of souls, there is no other task more important than the holiness of the family. As a blow to our pride we must admit that the sum total of children represented in this issue by their contributing parents, is a paltry fifteen. Inability to meet our deadline scratched the proud parent of five, which might have brought our total to twenty. We let the reader in on this secret to assure him that we are very hopeful of the future of the Christian family. That hope is not increased one iota by anything we read in the daily paper. We have forsaken the providence of big business for the Providence of God.

A wide-eyed pessimism for the way of the world has already led some Christian parents to a happy conclusion. This conclusion is the one that explains God's permitting this fruitless social order to come into being. The sterile habits of a dying era have prompted these parents to look into the bosoms of their families and see there the nucleus of a just and noble society to come. The economy of this new order, they have delightfully discovered, is already in operation, and has been since the time of Adam. It is not a niggardly penny-pinching economy of scarcity, but an economy of abundance. Each new child is a further guarantee of prosperity. Each new child is a citizen of the new community. Each new child is an apostle for Christ. They have turned their backs upon a philosophy of fear, and fastened their eyes upon God, anxious to anticipate His every desire, for in this lies their entire future.

It is the desire of these parents that the old order die with them, and in their children will be the resurrection of the new Christ-life. Thus all of the mores and habits which for generations have militated against the Faith may be sweated out in their efforts to renew society and furnish it with Christian leaders. They do not presume for an instant that so heroic a task can be accomplished by sheer will-power

or self-negation, but they seek in the Sacraments the grace to accomplish that which grace has ordained. Their task will be made lighter when others less fortunate in the Faith but wealthier in talents turn their hands also to the common problem.

When disaster comes, it may be these homes that God will spare, and upon their hearth-stones erect the "new heaven and new earth wherein justice dwelleth." Whatever God's Will may be for the future, these families at present can supply the curious with a living example of that strange phenomenon — a normal family.

THE EDITORS.



A HOLY THING

*"Wedding is a holy thing; and it should be
dealt with holily." (Council of Trent)*

My dear friends,

You stand here together in the sight of God to bring about the fulfillment of your cherished plan. You are still engaged, but this chapter is about to be closed and a new one opened. Yet it is not merely a new chapter you are to begin, but a new life: the life of two-in-one. You are soon to be joined together by your consent: "I will." However brief a word, it is of greatest import. It is a word of vigor and courage, full of readiness and joy, bespeaking fidelity and love. "I will" is a word at once human and divine.

"I will" is the word God spoke in creating heaven and earth. "I will that light be," was His Command, and light was made. In re-

peating the word the Lord spoke at the beginning, you partake of His creative power. It is yours to perform almost a miracle, to bring new beings into the world, children able to wonder at God's creation, having the unique power to love, and capable of holding God in their hearts. May you often kneel together and recall your dignity as instruments of the Almighty, co-workers of the loving God.

"I will" is also a thoroughly human word. It was spoken in profound humility by the Blessed Virgin when she replied to the message of the Angel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word." What other meaning has this most perfect consent than: "I will His will"? Marriage, all marriage, is the answer of two hearts calling to one another. Christian marriage, however, is something more; it is the joint response of two persons to God. After Mary's model, you are to unfold your being before Him. Like her, you will let yourselves be overshadowed by the Holy Spirit. Marriage is the mysterious union in the flesh, but as a sacrament it is even greater—the inexplicable union of grace.

You will be one in body, but you ought to be increasingly one in soul, one in grace. What a delight it will be for you to possess earthly goods in common! But in sharing the eternal, you will find joy even deeper. No longer will you live for yourselves, but for one another, and I am sure you will also live for Christ. Indeed, you would fail one another and betray your deepest vocation, you would dim the image God has engraved upon your souls, did you not dedicate yourselves wholly to Him. So potent is this participation in each other's lives that your pains will be mitigated and your happiness exalted, the joys you share will be doubled and your sorrows divided.

Your consent opens the gate to conjugal love, a divine gift to you for time and for eternity. Our hardships here below are many, but they are more easily endured together. Marriage is intended to ease some of our burdens, but also to heighten our responsibilities. By discovering to each other the beauties of nature, by enjoying in union music, literature and art, by giving your minds to the pursuit of truth, and above all, to contemplation of the splendor of the eternal mysteries, your love will open up a vast store of treasure. Sanctifying each day the Lord gives you by uniting in prayer and joining with Christ in His Holy Sacrifice, you will find the riches of His Kingdom. You are given each to each to grow together in wisdom and age and grace before God and man. You are given each to each to grow together by mutual help and understanding. You are no less than companions on the way to God.

Already to the Israel of old, marriage was something sacred,

almost a sacrament. It was thought to carry with it the forgiveness of sins to those who entered it with a godly spirit. The devout used to fast, therefore, and confess their trespasses, before assuming its bond. Marriage was regarded as a reflection of the loving union of God with His people. And when the first man and woman became one, says a Jewish legend, angels were the witnesses, the heavenly spirits sang the nuptial hymn, and the Lord Himself pronounced the benediction.

These thoughts of Israel are, having attained perfection, the teaching of Holy Church. Conjugal love, your love, is a remainder and a reminder of paradise. Marriage is the image of the lasting union of Christ with the Church, His Bride. And your home should be a realm in which God's Kingship is never disputed. It ought to be a little Church, a mirror of the Church in pilgrimage.

In a little while, you will give your consent; you will say: "I will." Once pronounced, it determines your life forever. Still, to conform to the perfect pattern, you will have to say this word each day anew. Love does not grow of itself to the highest peak. It is for you to say "Yes" to God and to each other every morning, assenting to His word and will, to His wishes and commandments, and to His blessings, be they favors or afflictions. In a moment, you will with great affection declare your "Yes." To keep it strong, to render it impregnable, you must repeat it, especially at any threat of disharmony. For human beings are bound to disappoint one another at times, but to you this

In a few moments, each will give and each will wear a ring, an unbroken circle gleaming in the light, blessed on the altar of sacrifice, the symbol of your sacramental union. Often together recall this solemn moment; join your hands and repeat your bridal vow. Disarm whatever might menace your union by saying: "I want thee and accept thee as God gave thee to me." This will keep your love young, and prepare your souls for the boons of God's goodness.

My dear friends, may your marriage be blessed beyond measure! This is my desire for you, and it is the wish of your Mother the Church, in whose name I speak.

JOHN M. OESTERREICHER.

Note: This sermon was given by Father John Oesterreicher at the wedding of Journet Kahn and Margaret Stern at the Church of the Epiphany in New York City. The bride and groom, Father Oesterreicher, and many of those who comprised the wedding party, are converts from Judaism.

AMONG SO MANY

"Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the Church."

The smell of whiskey on the couple behind you turned your stomach, but you kept on reading because you were tired of waiting, you hadn't known you line up for a marriage license like a ticket to a ball game, the only thing you had with you was a missal.

... "that it should be holy and without blemish . . ."

A muggy August morning. Outside, the sun was shining; it was trying to be a nice day. Here, in this fetid hallway in the municipal building, there were only the insolent officiousness of bored clerks, pale lights, the soiled, dark surfaces of old walls.

The couple three ahead of you were quarreling. The woman was loud and loose, and obviously older than the boy. Her outrageous hat was exceeded by her corsage. The boy was thin and nervous. He shook his head at her and seemed about to walk off and leave her. But the couple behind them had been telling jokes, the girl swept the quarrelling two into the homestretch of her story and finished on peals of laughter in which the neighboring couples joined, and it was all right, the boy didn't walk away, he wasn't mad any more.

Over them all, the sin of Adam. . . On all faces, mean, stupid, brooding, gay . . . the scarlet sneer, the snicker, an obscure sense of surrender to the goat. . . And there was no one to absolve, to sanctify.

The line snaked forward slowly. You edged past a door marked "Marriages Performed." The door was open, and for a few minutes the ritual of civil matrimony was displayed to you. The girl wore the corsage, the man smirked as he put the ring on her finger. The official, despite the wrinkled suit, wore the owlsh air of inscrutable corruption.

"This is a great sacrament—but I speak in Christ. . ."

The music of the words, the music in your heart, was fading. You tried to strengthen it, to relate it to what you saw, to imagine that somehow, despite corruption, the Word could become flesh. But there was only horror, the retching shame of a vast obscenity.

The line moved forward into the large room with the little barred windows like a post office, and there was a guard to tell you to go to this window or that, and at last you and your betrothed, separate from the mass, stood alone before the high priest of the mysteries, an oily, little bureaucrat. A few quick questions, the filling in of blanks, the money over the counter, the stamping of dates and the seal of the city upon this union, that all might be fulfilled according to law, and then you were free to pass out of the room, out of the building, out into the warm morning and the promise of a great sacrament.

On the way home, you were both silent. Shame would not leave you. You could not separate yourself from the others, from the feel-

ing that they had been betrayed, and that their betrayal was yours. Betrayed not only by that one wretched experience and their own weaknesses, but by the sum of all the thousand scenes, laws, schools, jobs, that made them what they were, by the whole impact of the mindless, teeming city powdering them to dust and you among them. Marriage thus affronted at the start, how would it go with them afterwards? How would it go with you? For in time to come, as then, you would all bear the cross of an indifferent brutal age, and you knew it and were afraid. . . .

For the moment, of course, you could forget. "Look at my gown, darling. Do you like my gown? Shall I have a train?" She was more appealing than ever as she twirled for you to see and yes, of course, she must have a train by all means. So there was a train and a nuptial Mass, a sung Mass, too, with the priest telling you to smile after his blessing. Then you realized how scared you looked and you smiled as you left the altar with the organ playing and your mother crying and your friends taking movies from the back of the church. So you were smiling in the pictures afterwards and you told yourself always to remember to smile and not be scared.

You did smile, too. The vision was so strongly in you: "*That it should be holy and without blemish. . .*" It would always be warm and bright and sweet. You would have difficulties, that was natural. But there would be Christ and His Sacraments—and this great sacrament. You would overcome the world.

How could you know what lay ahead? The fatuousness of your zeal, the cloying after-taste of too much ardor? Your adversary the Devil went about, seeking whom he might devour—but not like a lion. Like a banal conversation. Boredom. A nagging irritation. The "world" you had thought to overcome was a penny-catechism world, peopled with dragons of birth control, heresy and the seven deadly sins. The dragons you really battled were diapers, bills, a baby's wait, the blaring radio next door. Armored in faith, you thought you stood your ground. Triviality outflanked you and the slow retreat began.

You were not prepared for it when it came: ". . . cutting down on the department . . . fine worker . . . so sorry . . . have to let you go. . ." Let go! It couldn't be. But the words kept raining on you, it had all been agreed, he was only doing what he was told by the other fellow who had been told . . . and it was so. (Pagan Industrialism. Collapse of Capitalism. Not my fault, I tell you.)

Quietly the years passed. Funny, boring, often lonely. Better jobs, a bigger apartment, a house. But no matter where you lived, the world was everywhere and you were you.

The room was full of interesting people and warm highballs, you were heading for the kitchen for air. There she was, your old girl. You wondered why people always wound up in the kitchen, the one place you hadn't groomed. Her manner was familiar as you lit her cigarette. Same perfume, you observed. A child of her own, but still playing Hubba Hubba.

"...think you've done wonders," she enthused.

"It's coming along," you agreed.

"And you're really happy?"

"Oh yes." Not too defiantly.

She appraised your defense.

"But who would have thought that *you* . . . I mean, all this. . . ."

"—no, no, not at all like O'Neill! Passion, yes, but *not* homosexuality." Winters and McCutcheon had drifted in with one of their Interesting Discussions. God bless all phonies.

"But don't you agree that sexual depravity is psychic—an effect rather than a cause?"

The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in ourselves. . .

As the pressures increased, the vision slowly faded. Where was it now? — the Christian home, the bringing up of children in piety and love? Paled by the present need: "I got to make more money." Dulled by the mediocrity of a hundred films, the Philharmonic on Sunday afternoon, the new issue of "Life." Poisoned with loneliness: where was the hand to help, what shall I do, where are my friends?

They dropped in with new clothes and criticism in their eyes. Oh how cute, they said. But their gaze flickered. That makes three boys and two girls, doesn't it? Their mouths made the words, but their eyes had no modesty, they must inspect the empty womb and wonder. . . Their eyes had no sympathy, they must wander over the room, noting the dusty curtain, the disarray, the worn heel.

The well-wishers wearied you more than the hostile. You could argue or be silent with those who spoke solemnly of being Sensible about These Things, who judged you imbecile or careless. But how resent the legend of the happy peasant, his children run about him like unto the olive tree? How react to those who glibly said Yes, I Believe in the Apostolate of the Family, you're doing a fine job, your children are so well-behaved? You longed to tell these hopefuls of the toughness it took to achieve the legend, that there was more to it than quoting Gill. If they could not cure a fever or plane a door, let them be silent. But they were not silent, and you could not silence them, for the knowledge you wanted to give them could not be communicated, only experienced.

And when the visitors had left, the papers been put away, the radio turned off, when all the myriad manifestations of the Paganity of Our Day had been shut away, there yet remained the greatest of these: yourself. The training you had never had, the education you should not have had, all the neurotic complex of your own personality, full of the sham and pride of a twentieth-century ego. Like the drunk and the consumptive, you were always cured, only to awake again from other nightmares of ambition, nerves and lust. *Nude Girl Found Dead in Motor Car*, story on page three, you were only reading the paper, everyone does that. Lights flashed on the screen, the camera panned across the boxcars of emaciated dead in a concentration camp, you felt the thrill of the macabre as you watched, but kept on looking. The theatre emptied, you walked home purged of violence till another day.

As the vision paled, you came to feel that it was not real, had never been. Idealism of youth. You were over that, now. It had been sweet, part of the honeymoon, like, but you had grown, you realized now that the dream could never have been achieved. Too many responsibilities. The times weren't right. The image of that August morning in the municipal building came back to you, and you knew you had been right. It was too much—too much. . . .

What then? Content yourself with Sunday church, choir on Tuesday, bowling on Thursday, the meeting, you must make that meeting, a famous European Catholic editor is speaking on *The Future of the Church*? You tired, grew dissatisfied with stimulating talks, mental fornication. As the years evaporated and the dream dissolved, you yearned for a sign, a Word, the way out. What then? Where? How?

Think. Time out to think. Where were you? What had you done? What had you been trying to do? What was this Christian way all about, anyhow? What did you want?

You had wanted to raise a good family, and you had started. You had wanted to oppose by word and example the pagan drift of social forces in your life, but this you had not done. "Why not?" What had happened?

You saw that, despite your ideals, you had never really said no, never really broken, ruthlessly and completely, with the forces you decried. Though you shut the door on Anti-Christ, he was with you daily, in your thoughts, your ill-will, self-pity, bad habits, petty compromise. No matter where you fled or what you did, the world was with you for in your heart you were still with the world.

You looked around and saw that you were not alone in this. Your friends . . . Collins . . . Gardella. . . Had they not all followed the

same pattern? You had started out together, in the group, the movement, the study club—scorning the world, dedicated to high purpose. Now you were scattered, reeds shaken by the wind, hurt, whining, ashamed of youthful enthusiasms, afraid of questions. How could a brutal age be overcome by this mystical body of the timid?

Timid, that was it. This Brutal Age, this Pagan Environment were abstractions, excuses for failure. There were no Godless Societies, no Modern Values—as such. Only people. You, multiplied. Living out patterns, everywhere, all over the earth. The children were asleep, the room was quiet, the lamp threw a warm pool in the gloom where you sat smoking and thinking. The Australian shut off his alarm, the ambassador in China yawned and fished for his slippers, and as they scratched their pajamas and shambled off to shave, the Future of the Church and Civilization lay with them. And you. You were all one: fathers, husbands, heads of families, linked in defeat, blaming the forces you could not oppose, creating forces for tomorrow. Fella's gotta make a living. You can't change things overnight.

Perhaps not. But perhaps you could change you. And because you and your neighbors were "things," perhaps you could change "things" too. True, those like you were not the whole. But you and you and you could act, could leaven the lump, could say yes, I will, I will make the break, and saying yes together, might win. For good is ultimately stronger than evil, stronger than the pushing city, the proud nation, the great army . . . stronger than life.

You could begin simply, at the breakfast table, on the bus. You could become a real Christian father. If a Christian home could not be fathered in the city, you could leave the city. Advertising could not sway you if you did not read it. The pretty girl could not hurt you if you did not look. Bob Hope you could turn off.

But what is there left, O my soul? Can't a fella have a little fun? I do my work, I do the right thing, what's wrong with a little fun?

There is wrong in the littlest fun that adds the smallest grain to the mass of evil already in the world.

This is a tough saying, O my soul. There's so much against you. It isn't going to change. What can *you* do?

"There is a boy here that has five barley loaves and two fishes. But what are these among so many?"

You thought of the family at supper. Your wife was trying to slap a mischievous hand without losing the baby off her lap. One child was telling for the fourth time some tiresome tale about what happened in school. You couldn't understand what he said because another had just kicked a third under the table.

"Daddy, daddy, daddy," chanted Brian. "I coasted down on the road today and I didn't even get killed."

Five barley loaves. Two fishes.

You yawned, stretched. Eleven. Must fix the furnace. Wake up the kids, prob'ly. Shouldn't of stayed up. Droopy to-morrow at the office.

You rose, moved slowly toward the cellar.

What were these among so many?

Everything. . . .!

NEIL MACCARTHY
Washington, Conn.



EQUITY

The Williams and the Fullers,

Were out for real-estate.

The Williams got eight rooms for two,

The Fullers two for eight.

TOWARD A NEW GENERATION

So obviously are the forces of evil at work against marriage that even our secular press and magazines deplore the condition of the American family. A recent issue of *The New York Times*, discussing the problem, concludes that if the present rate of divorce continues, the number of marriages between persons marrying for the first time will be exceeded by the number of divorces in the not too distant future. And this month's issue of the ultra ultra "Glamour" featuring "Our Marriage Problem" states that "the failure of American marriage is not a threat but an actuality . . . and that divorce represents . . . our first social problem."

Long before the newspapers and slippery covered magazines evidenced concern for the failure of our marriages (for which failure they were in large part responsible as we will see later on) Pius XI exhorted his Brethren:

"to give yourself wholly to this that through yourselves and through the priests subject to you, and moreover through the laity welded together through Catholic Action you may by every fitting means oppose error by truth, vice by the excellent dignity of chastity, the slavery of covetousness by the liberty of the sons of God, that disastrous ease of obtaining divorce by an enduring love in the bond of marriage, and by the inviolate pledge of fidelity given even to death."

Is it not to be expected then, that one of the first problems attacked by the organized apostolate of Catholic Action in the attempt to repair the ravages of secularism is the re-Christianization of the family?

Let's Face the Problems

The numerous forces at work against Christian marriage might be brought under two broad classifications; firstly, those created by anti-Christian institutions and secondly, those given rise to through ignorance.

From what institutions, for example, do we draw our standards for a successful marriage (the word successful itself is so much in keeping with our times). Pagan Hollywood creates the notion that the conjugal union is a whirl of romance, and our radio scripts, newspapers and magazines carry out this fantasy. So it is that the mind of the individual is formed believing that the all important element of one's marital life is the physical union granted free rein under the bonds of matrimony.

Similarly accented by those who mold mass mentality is a materialistic attitude toward marriage. The superficiality of "Glamour's" con-

cern over the condition of the family is evident when contrasted with the rest of its contents. "Luxuries are necessities" is the keynote and Susie Jones has just got to have money for her so-called "needs." Of course, it is assumed that Susie will work after marriage, so "Glamour" offers the career bride's trousseau with accent on the office. It is often at this point that Susie decides she won't have children for the first couple of years with the excuse that she's young and has plenty of time before being tied down with a family (and, by the way, youth is lasting longer and longer these days).

Eventually, Susie may tire of marriage but more and more frequently she leaves a back door open—divorce. Each day many Susies challenge the Church's stand on the indissolubility of marriage as is evidenced by the mounting divorce rate. In 1946 alone one magazine writer tells us that one out of two and a half marriages ended in the law courts.

It is unfair to give our magazines credit for so much of the problem without looking to our scandal sheets. Take The Daily News, with the largest circulation in America, and what do you find—sex slayings, immodest pictures, lewd stories, immoral advertising. But they too are alarmed about the increased divorce rate and the breakdown of the family. One cannot help but ask "Can these mortals be such fools?"

Closely linked with the necessity for re-Christianization of institutions is the need for re-education. Failure to educate our people to accept wholeheartedly the teachings of the Gospel has made them easy prey for the fallacious ideas of the world about us. Instruction, if any, is largely concerned with the physiology of the sexes. The importance of the supernatural and spiritual elements in conjugal life is disregarded in the overemphasis on sexual love. The result of this failure to integrate properly the various aspects of marriage is obvious in the faulty way in which the marriage contract is interpreted. There are those of Jansenist tendencies who draw the conclusion that the separation of the spiritual from the physical confirms the belief that the body is evil in itself. Then with gradations from the Jansenist attitude we arrive at the other extreme held by those who say "So sex pleasure is immoral but let's enjoy it anyway."

Finally there is ignorance in regard to the true role of man and woman in marriage. In their pseudo-emancipation women have slavishly imitated men, failing to realize that it is the very differences in the sexes which draws them together. And it is impossible to achieve marital happiness in a home where the husband and wife fail to recognize that certain duties rest with each of them by reason of their very nature.

These are the conditions as they exist today, lacking all guarantee of true happiness here and probably preparing many for eternal damnation hereafter. Certainly they do not create a very hopeful picture for the future but we as Christians cannot stand by and watch the slow degeneration of a new generation.

The Remedies

It would be time wasted to attempt to restore marriage to godly principles by re-education alone, for if lasting results are to obtain, complete change must eventually be effected in our anti-Christian institutions. It is to this end that Pius XI cries out for an organized movement of lay people who will bring about this change; people who will live by Christian principles and who in the strength of their numbers will apply them to all phases of society.

Till now the work of the organized apostolate in this country has been limited so far as institutional change is concerned. Yet if one is to consider a Christian institution as a great force for good (Father Ferree defines our anti-Christian institutions as great forces for evil) there are many large-scale educational changes which might come under this category. Marriage preparation courses, pre-Cana and Cana Conferences are already nationwide. Perhaps the latter needs some explanation. One can easily see the appropriateness of the name for a series of discussions by married couples on Christian family life. The entire conference is dominated by a spirit of prayer, with the problems of married life and their solutions forming a large part of the discussions. At the moment almost one hundred priests are engaged in this work throughout nineteen states.

Undoubtedly at the present time the best work that is being done to rebuild the family is in the field of re-education. At the request of Pius XI for a more thorough preparation for marriage, the Canadian Y.C.W. took up the Pope's directive and in 1938 after studying the papal encyclical on marriage laid plans to communicate their ideas to the working class. Meanwhile they conducted a survey to find the influence of religion on the ideals of marriage, only to discover the ignorance of the masses concerning the Christian ideal of married life and how greatly they were being affected by the pagan, materialistic standards about them. The outcome of a year of study was the Marriage Preparation Service, organized in 25 dioceses to fit as nearly as could be determined the needs of all the people. Not only were oral courses planned but also courses by correspondence, intended to reach those for whom the others were not available. Since its organization, the Marriage Preparation Service has been a source of instruction for countless numbers of grateful youth.

Patterned somewhat after the Canadian courses are the marriage services of the Y.C.W. in this country. Groups of young men and women study the moral, psychological, physiological and social aspects of marriage in the light of Christian principles.

The New York Course

For over two years the Y.C.W. in New York has been trying to meet the needs of New York working girls with a continuous series of marriage courses, abbreviating the Canadian course. It is more or less typical of the other courses in the United States.

One of the most gratifying things about this apostolic effort is the ease with which engaged or nearly-engaged girls can be persuaded to attend. This is one service which attracts all sorts and by no means merely the pious. They come hoping for some concrete and helpful information, and they get it. A brief summary of the content of the course would not be amiss here.

Our course consists in a series of five discussions, given weekly. Two are by a priest, two by a nurse and the final one by a Catholic married woman. That these are people convinced of the supernatural vocation of marriage does much toward inspiring the girls to the lofty ideals of Christian marriage. In general the priest handles the spiritual and psychological, the nurse the physiological and the married woman the practical aspects of marriage, but no lecture is cut and dried and absolutely limited to its field.

A clear understanding of the marriage contract and the grace added to the contract by the sacrament of marriage is given by the priest. Marriage as a union of bodies, of mind and of souls is emphasized, for if the individual puts it on any one level or even three levels it eventually leads to unhappiness. Each of these unions and their inter-relationship is discussed with frankness so that there will be no misunderstanding as to the importance of all of them. The psychological differences between the sexes are then brought out, for it is very often here that misunderstanding arises from failure of the partners to understand one another's temperamental differences. If these temperamental differences are properly understood and accepted they will help them rather than hinder them.

It is only when each adopts the role intended by God for the other that trouble begins. Finally, it is stressed that for those who choose marriage as their vocation sanctity will be achieved only in and through it. With God as the center of marriage, there will follow the beautiful and sublime dignity of the married state and the adventure of continuing the human race through natural and supernatural life.

The talks by the nurse endeavor to clear up misapprehensions in regard to sex. The alarming failure of parents properly to instruct their

children is only too evident and so from confused sources come confused ideas which must be corrected. A clear understanding of the physical union and again its relation to the spiritual union is given. The physiology of reproduction is discussed and the importance of good health for child-bearing is stressed.

A question period follows each lecture. Inevitably the priest is asked about rhythm. When giving the Church's stand, it is always emphasized that like any good thing it can be made bad with a bad purpose. The priest also stresses the responsibility these girls have toward the proper training and instruction of their own future children.

The lecture by the Catholic married woman gives an ideal that should be worked toward for a full Christian life. One cannot help but know that marriage is a vocation and not just another job after realizing that salvation depends on the way in which the duties of married life are carried out. Problems of food, clothing and housing are examined in the light of Christian principles and the advice suggested is to "work as if it all depends on you and pray as if it all depends on God." Even such small beginnings are a step toward the re-Christianization of the institution of marriage. And these courses do have effect. Many a girl spontaneously has expressed her gratitude for the frank and accurate information she has received. Her gratitude for a wholesome, integrated view of marriage is also noticeable. Most gratifying, however, are the cases where the girl's whole ideal of marriage has been noticeably changed from 100% Hollywood to at least the beginning of some conception of the Christian ideal.

When courses like this have spread throughout the country as they are already quickly doing, it will mean we have attained a foothold for the re-Christianization of American youth.

MARY MANNIX
New York City



OFF THE MARKET

"Can we afford a child," they mused,
Deciding that they wouldn't.
When they had made their pile, anon,
They wanted one but couldn't.

LIFE WITH MOTHER

The experience of having a child should be for every woman, one which brings to her physical, emotional and spiritual maturity. She has been chosen by God as His instrument for presenting another soul to the world for His greater honor and glory. Pregnancy and childbirth are attended by many physical trials and difficulties but these may be amply compensated for by the spiritual rewards of increased mutual love between husband and wife and the joy of participating in the miracle of creation.

A novel that I have recently read, "Walk With A Separate Pride" by Sheila Alexander, aims at describing with a vivid reality the intimate feelings of a woman during her last months of pregnancy and in the pains of childbirth. The heroine, Nessa McKenna, whose husband is drafted in the seventh month of her pregnancy, is left alone to face the unknown terrors of having her first child. Her mother had died in childbirth and she struggles with a morbid fear of the same fate. She goes looking for comfort to her childhood home, arriving in time to be present at the deathbed of a beloved uncle. On her return to the city she faces an empty apartment and the cold soulless efficiency of a City Hospital clinic and delivery ward. Added to her fear for herself and her baby are those for her absent husband.

The whole situation is one that should turn a soul, bereft of human support, in search of Someone higher than herself. It is a time when she might grow tremendously in spiritual strength and in trust in God. Prayer should be her bulwark against loneliness and fear. It has all the potentialities of a great story.

Yet what has the author done with this material? A large part of the tale is told by allowing us to read Nessa's thoughts, or rather, I should say feelings, for there is little real thought there. Nessa McKenna is a creature completely lacking in spiritual perception of any kind, or even the most primitive gropings toward it. She fulfills the definition of a rational animal with emphasis on the word animal. Her emotions toward the creature growing within her are no higher than those of a favored mare, had she the power of expression. The description of the pains of childbirth is dramatic and quite exact biologically. It is too bad that Nessa, or Miss Alexander, did not know that the most excruciating pains may be joyously accepted when offered up to Christ in union with His; in reparation for sin, either our own sins or those of others.

Christ endured His bitter agony and death that He might bring forth Life to all men, that He might give birth to His Church. So too, the Christian mother endures lovingly the racking pains of giving

birth, comforted by the thought that she is bringing forth new life even at the risk of her own.

When Nessa does experience joy and delight in her child it is quite animal-like. It is compounded of biological wonder and pleasure at this fruit of sexual love. She is not encouraged to feel otherwise by her experiences at the clinic, which queues up and handles the women as so many cows, valuable ones to be sure, but nevertheless cows.

Miss Alexander captures quite accurately the atmosphere of a modern pre-natal clinic. These clinics are marvels of medical science and aim at providing physically sound babies for the underprivileged who persist in having so many. The poor are given the finest medical advice and care at little or no expense. The result has been healthier babies and a tremendous decline in the infant mortality rate. However the harm they do cannot be compensated for by the good they accomplish.

A couple of years ago, in a burst of apostolic zeal, I broached the subject of a Catholic maternity guild to a parish priest, a good, zealous priest. His answer took me by surprise. He was willing to consider it but really saw no need for one in a large city supplied with several outstanding clinics for those in both poor and moderate circumstances. (They differ primarily in that one has a slightly higher social standing than the other.)

How I would like to take him on a typical day's visit to a typical clinic of the better sort; not as a visitor seeing the wonderful equipment and being filled with impressive statistics but as a patient following the regular routine.

Many of the women like Nessa McKenna are having their first child. Many more are there for the second, third or sixth. Those making many visits, frequently are given a bit of friendly or perhaps reproving advice on birth control, or, as most of the social workers prefer to express it, on planned parenthood.

Let us presume that our typical patient is having her fourth child. She arrives at the clinic between nine and ten o'clock after an early morning rush to feed and dress the other children and to leave things in order for the kind neighbor or friend who has offered to stay with them. Some mothers are not fortunate enough to have such a friend and must bring with them restless two or four year olds who have to be kept within reasonable bounds during the long dull wait. If she is able to arrive quite early the process is not too long. If she comes any time after nine there are already at least forty or fifty before her.

She goes to her desk, presents her identification, waits while her record is checked, receives a number and is sent to the next room for

tests. This first detail is handled by an impersonal, efficient person, who, after long years at the task, often acquires the attitude that "that kind of people has to be kept in their place." A person so unfortunate as to arrive a minute or two late, or to have missed an appointment for whatever reason, is publicly rebuked and threatened with being dropped from the list.

In the room where tests are made our patient stands in line to be weighed, to have her blood pressure taken and a urinalysis done. The results are marked on her slip of paper and she returns to the waiting room to wait until her number is called.

She goes and sits on a long, hard, overcrowded bench. The women in such places usually speak with an intimacy and frankness shocking to the newcomer. Conversation is easily picked up and the topics center around morning sickness, labor pains, interesting complications, the swapping of birth control information, (strange in such surroundings) and intimate details of sexual life. If someone shows herself above these discussions she overhears someone wondering "who she thinks she is?" She learns to sit quietly, attempt to read a book, smile pleasantly and say as little as possible.

After a wait that frequently extends into an hour or two, she is interviewed by a doctor. He has her record and the results of her tests. He asks routine questions; any dizzy spells, vomiting, bleeding and have you any difficulties mother? This is done rapidly with the sense of no time to waste if we are ever to get through that long line outside. At the conclusion of the interview she is allowed to go home, or if it is her day to be examined, she is passed along to the next waiting line.

The patients to be examined are told to disrobe. In clinics of the better sort robes are provided. In many the women keep on their slips. The "better sort" also provide curtained cubicles for undressing. The waiting line here is not so long but the examinations last longer than the interviews so that one may spend up to an hour here also.

In the examining room the patient climbs on a table and is prepared for the doctor. The doctor bustles in, usually attended by bored internes or students. The examination is thorough, the position of the baby is ascertained. Then the others are invited to probe and push the patient's stomach, to listen to the foetal heart and to express an opinion. No one bothers to ask the woman whether or not she minds being so probed and pushed. The young doctors have to learn, don't they? They all bustle out and in to the next examining room. The patient goes back to the cubicles (this is a clinic of the better sort, remember) dresses and goes wearily home—unless the doctor has decided that she

must have an x-ray or other treatment in which case she goes along to the next department.

In our novel Nessa McKenna instinctively shrank from the cold, mass production methods of the clinic. She did not realize that these clinics are the outgrowth of attitudes such as her own towards birth and the human person. She is wallowing in the mystery of life making life. She is absorbed in the processes of biological regeneration separated from any conception of a Creator as its Beginning or as its End.

The Christian mother cannot think of the formation of her child as a purely biological process. If she fears for his death, she fears lest he die without the Sacrament of Baptism. For her, his birth is climaxed by his re-birth in the waters of Baptism into the Mystical Body of Christ. Until methods for providing care and hospitalization for the Christian mother are in keeping with her dignity as a co-creator, only heroic faith and humility will aid her to remember it herself.

DOROTHY WILLOCK

PROGRESS

There was a Crooked Man
And he lived a crooked life,
Amassed a crooked fortune
And espoused a crooked wife;
He begot a crooked daughter
And a super-crooked son;
And the Crooked Spirit got him
When his crooked course was run.

Paul A. Lewis

SINS OF FLESH AND COMMERCE

Sociology is the would-be-science of expediency, and fittingly honored in an age which has abandoned morality for expediency. We no longer act according to objective moral principles, doing things because they are *good*; rather do we do things because they seem to be *expedient*, even if that involves transgression of the moral law. Sociology purports to explain to college students what will be expedient. When expediency is carried into practice on a wide-spread, pre-meditated scale, it is called "planning."

The irony of the situation is that the moral law indicates precisely what will be expedient, on the authority of One Person Who really knows, God. It is exactly insofar as we observe the moral law that things will turn out right. We can never calculate this exactly in advance because it depends largely on the grace of God and the free-will of men, and these are not humanly predictable factors. Sociology has to deny, in effect, that these factors exist, and then make its predictions in accordance with purely materialistic considerations. So sociology decides that education will improve with an appropriation of five billion dollars, and that criminals will soften up if the jails have better facilities, and that we shall have no more wars if we only practice birth control. The more we follow the principles of expediency, the worse mess we get into, materially and morally. Were it not that men's blindness increases in proportion to their folly, this would long since have become evident. To those who still have eyes to see, the true expediency of morality becomes increasingly evident. Even to the myopic it must be evident that the past performance of expediency leaves something to be desired. Another thing that becomes increasingly evident to the observant Christian is the unity of morality, the absolute impossibility of observing anything short of the totality of the moral law. Particularly obvious it is that the sins of the flesh cannot be separated from the sins of commerce. It is irrational to condemn Margaret Sanger and defer to the advertising profession.

One of the pre-occupations of sociology is the matter of population. It is also a pre-occupation of morality. The fruit of sociological probings are the expedient laws for the regulation of population, chiefly the law of the necessity of practicing contraception, and the law (gradually gaining acceptance) of the advisability of imposing euthanasia.

The moral law has lately been struggling along (firmly, but losing ground in practice) on one wheel. It has affirmed in a loud voice that we shall not practice contraception. It has been relatively silent in regard to the commercial sins which have been accessory to the crime of race suicide. It will be useful to show the profound relationship that exists between the sins of the flesh and the sins of commerce.

The Laws of Fertility

Fertility is the measure of fecundity. It varies according to laws which are not wholly fathomable, at least at this point. Many a birth-controller is discovering that it is not really in our power mechanically to regulate the quantity of human beings who walk this earth, much less their quality. There are not a few unhappy modernists who have found that years of conscientious contraception have evidently been quite unnecessary, for they are sterile. Here are some of the real laws of fertility:

1. *Under conditions of hardship nature will preserve the species at the expense of the individual.*

This law is readily observable in plant life. It also applies to the human species. If you are growing carrots and there is a drought, the carrots will absorb the last moisture in the soil, using it *not* to become bigger and better carrots, but to go to seed, i.e. to preserve the species carrot.

So it is with human beings. One obvious example is furnished by the pregnant woman and her child. If there is not enough calcium for the two of them, the fetus will get its full quota of calcium, and never mind the mother's teeth.

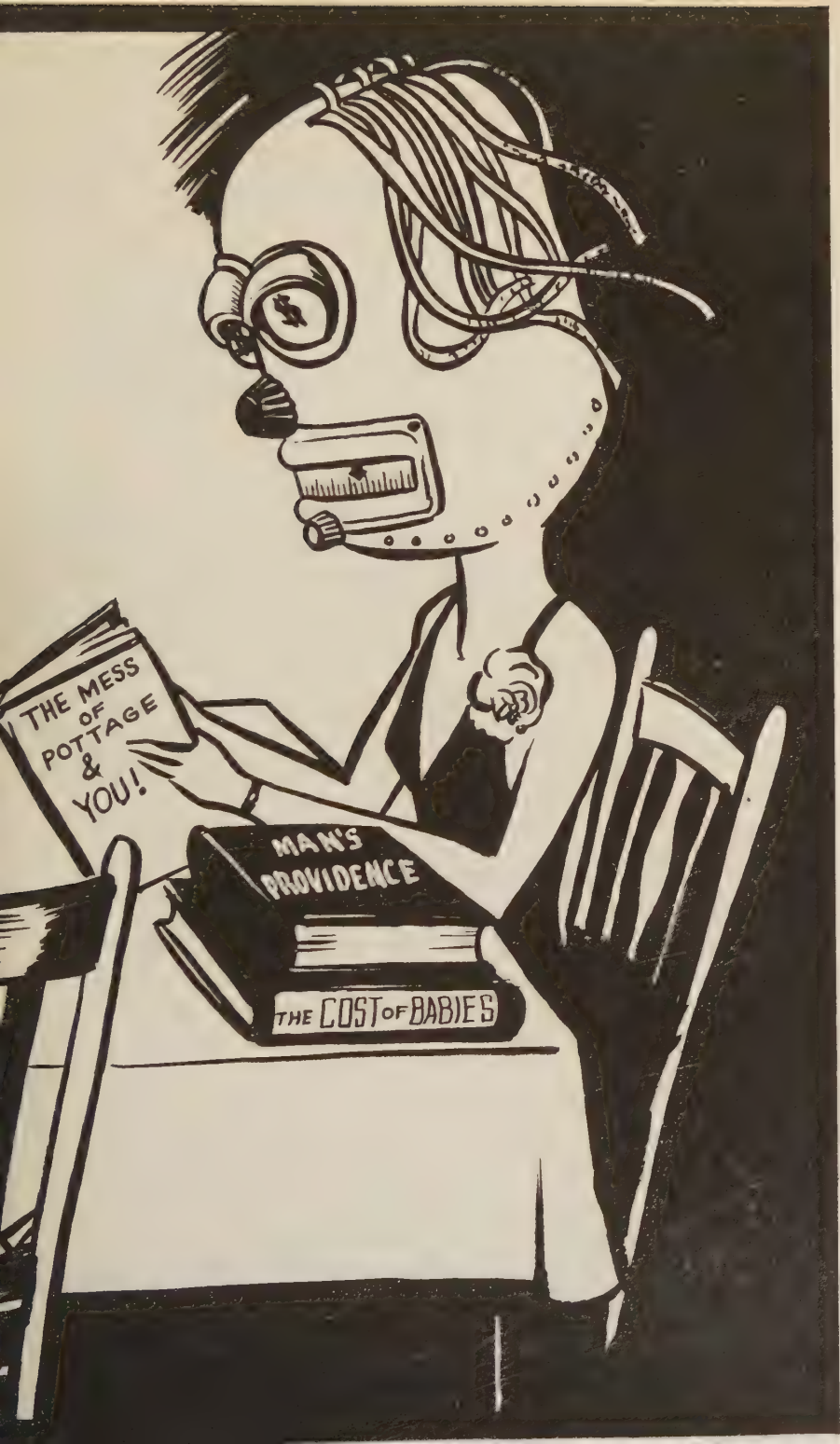
However, the law works much more generally than that. If undue hardship is put upon a people, they will have more children than they would otherwise have had. The classic example of this is the case of the Israelites whom the Egyptians hoped to exterminate by oppression. The worse the Egyptians treated them, the more they increased in numbers, as the Egyptians themselves observed and lamented. See the first chapter of Exodus for details. Incidentally, the sociologists and other modern law-givers might learn quite a few things from the Bible. For instance, the whole theory of "rhythm" is contained in the Book of Leviticus, whereas modern "scientists" had it completely backwards until recently. Needless to say, the concern of the Old Law was in the interests of fertility, rather than vice versa. The fact that the Jews observed this law, together with the recurring persecutions they have suffered, probably furnishes the natural explanation of the survival of that race.

But one need not go back to Egypt to observe the workings of the law that a hard-pressed people will have more children than usual. It was the commonly observed phenomenon of the industrial system that the poor were always having too many babies.

And from the law certain simple deductions are obvious. The first is that you don't have to press contraception on the poor; if you just give them more to eat (that is to say, if you just practice a little

THE NEW HEAD OF THE FAMILY
"THE ECONOMIC FACTOR"





justice and charity) they will oblige by having fewer children anyhow. The next is that we and God are not of one mind in the matter of species versus individual. After all, God it is Who made the laws of nature, Who arranged that the species should be preferred to the individual. Whenever we get a chance, we decree just the opposite. Most all family limitation schemes are based on solicitude for the well-being and comfort of those already here. Abortion, of course, is a gross imposition of our preference, even at the expense of committing murder. So also is the custom of choosing whether the mother or the child shall live in a case of difficult childbirth. No human being has the right to make the choice. Non-Catholic doctors do make it though, and customarily in favor of the mother. Were the choice put to a truly Christian mother, she would certainly decide quite otherwise.

II. *The birth rate fluctuates with the death rate.*

Interestingly enough, (and characteristically) the sociologists have this law backwards. They are always trying to show that if you fix up the birth rate (by contraception) the death rate will go down. This is the old story about it being better to have *one* healthy child than *five* unhealthy children who will die young. But children do not die of having too many brothers and sisters, they die of tuberculosis or diphtheria or something, which may come partly from being poor. The causal relationship is between poverty and death, not between large families and death, and the obvious thing to do is to treat the poverty.

However, the law does work the other way around. Changes in the death rate tend to be reflected in the birth rate. Taking the matter in the large, it appears that throughout nature the birth rates of species have adjusted to their chances of survival. That is why some species have abundant fertility (the conger eel lays fifteen million eggs a year) while others, whose chances of death are slight, reproduce slowly (the fulmar petrel lays one egg a year). It is because of this tendency to adjust that a balance in nature is obtained and the world is not over-run by two or three conquering species of animal or insect. It is devotedly to be hoped that the advent of D.D.T. and its possible irresponsible use will not, by too sudden changes, upset the balance nature has established.

Within limits the birth rate can adjust itself to changes in the death rate. When salmon are preyed upon heavily one year they return the next year fairly bursting with eggs. When human beings make wars, the carnage thereof seems to be followed by an increase in the birth rate which cannot be entirely attributed to the more loving nature of veterans.

Note that this law works in both directions. If there is an increase in the death rate, there is liable to be a corresponding increase

in the birthrate (as shown, for instance, in the tremendous increase in the population of Ireland during the famine years. It is useful to note here how God uses our sins for His own purposes. This tremendous increase in population among the Irish forced them to migrate, and served to carry the Faith to many places).

On the other hand, if you bring the death rate down, the birth rate lowers of itself. There was a striking example of this in the Suez Canal area during the early years of this century. Owing to malarial conditions in the region surrounding the Canal there was a very high death rate. Officials hesitated to improve living conditions by a drainage project for fear that then the population, which also had a very high birth rate, would outstrip its food supply and end up in yet more suffering. Nevertheless, they did drain the area. The death rate dropped as anticipated, but to their surprise, the birth rate fell correspondingly *of its own accord*.

The moral of this law is that nothing but good will come of our pursuing a virtuous course in reducing death rates, as notably through modern medical advances, but that we should stop interfering artificially in the matter of births.

III. *Fertility decreases with luxurious living.*

It is because of the operation of this law that the rich tend to have fewer children than they would normally, and this even apart from contraception, which greatly aggravates the situation.

There seem to be two main causes. The first is purely physical. Luxury means soft living, food in excess, and food which makes for fat rather than sinew. Besides there is the important factor of a lessening of exercise on the part of the rich, which further adds to the softness and detracts from the fertility of the body.

The second factor is psychological. Life which is too easy is a breeding ground for neuroses, which mitigate against fertility quite often.

To take a calloused view of the situation, it appears that extravagance and riches ill become the human race, and so nature goes through cycles of sloughing off those who have become parasitical drains on society. Indeed, it is a well-observed fact that the "best families" are prone to decadence much more than the laboring classes who really don't have time. We are in a period now in which both the quantity and quality of our erstwhile leading families is suffering diminution, and we are still awaiting new leaders with sufficient vitality to lead and save us. Society does not suffer too much from the recurrent renewal of its vitality from below. But see what has happened in our own day. There seems to be no real reservoir of vitality left in America. Why?

Because from the physical point of view (the important point of view is not physical but spiritual; however spiritual debility parallels the physical pretty well in this case) we are all "enjoying" luxurious living, and our vitality and fertility is correspondingly drained. For this we can thank the industrial-capitalist system which, as its admirers love to reiterate, has raised the general standard of living in industrial countries to a level unknown in history. We are now all privileged to live in crowded cities, sit hours in the movies, and days in office chairs, eat white bread, drink pasteurized milk and get jelly doughnuts from the bakery. We can all have neuroses too. Only a malcontent would remind us that there is no beauty anywhere, that we have no space and no fresh air, that our jobs are meaningless and dull, and that maybe there would have been more joy in a baby than in a radio. We know better. We have equality. Sterility is no longer the prerogative of the rich.

IV. *Populations tend to stabilize within enclosed areas.*

All the old birth-controllers' arguments were based on the theory that if you just went on having children the race would increase geometrically by leaps and bounds until very shortly there wouldn't be room for us all, much less food for us all. As a matter of fact, under relatively good conditions, and in a closed economy, the population tends to stabilize itself. This may have something to do with the fact that people living in closed economies do not eat exotic food. I don't know.

The outstanding example of this law is Japan, where the population remained just about stationary between the years 1723 and 1846. This was the period during which Japan shut her doors to all outside interference, especially from western civilization. There was no overcrowding during this time, and a good standard of living (not the American way of life, of course; we speak now of essentials, not luxuries) prevailed. There was an agrarian-craft economy. No birth-control was practiced. There were no major wars, no grievous natural catastrophies, no plagues. At the end of the period, as at the beginning, the population was about 27 million. After this period Japan rapidly became a "civilized" and then an industrial power. With industrialization the mass of people became poorer, and then the population soared. By 1934 it was, with her dependencies, 84 million. One has only to reflect that the underlying natural cause of the late war in the Far East was the over-population of Japan, to have another example of the marvelous benefits which flow from industrial capitalism.

V. *God provides a natural spacing between babies in the period of lactation.*

All the modern talk about baby spacing (it was up to four-year intervals a while ago, but appears to be coming down) neglects to consider the fact that nature normally provides an interval between children, and that that interval is the period of lactation (which with the period of pregnancy would usually make the children two years or so apart). This fact has been part of the folk wisdom of the race up until now. It has been variously used. Women who wished to avoid pregnancy have nursed their children scandalously long. Chinese women who have sometimes wished to speed up propagation have given their newborn out to wet nurses so that they themselves might become pregnant soon again.

The late Alexis Carrel set down this law categorically in the *Readers Digest* some years ago in an article about the advisability of nursing babies. However, there are probably many doctors who would deny that there is such a natural law, on the grounds that it no longer can be counted on to operate in regard to modern American women. As a matter of fact, deft inquiry among nurses, mothers and grandmothers usually results in a flat denial of the law by young nurses, assent among grandmothers, and a qualified statement from mothers of grown children to the effect that, "Oh, yes, that used to work, but it doesn't any more."

Someone ought to make a study as to why it doesn't work any more. Such a study would be complicated by the fact that many women are physically unable to nurse their babies anyhow.

The Concatenation of Sins

As every liar knows, one lie leads to an ever-increasing number of other lies to cover up the first one. So it is with social expediency. You break the moral law once, and then you have to do it again and again and again and again. There is no end short of a return to the moral law. It is wise to keep this in mind, because the current evils of birth control and euthanasia and abortion are really the latest manifestations of a chain of sins in the service of expediency. It is not so much that anyone desires them of themselves, as that they are more or less inevitable, given the circumstances which occasion them. Let us examine the chain. It will take us back to England, where the industrial revolution began.

Be it noted, first of all, that the population of England and Wales remained almost stationary during the 14th to the 16th centuries, at a little less than 2½ million people. As far as we can determine, there was never an increase during that period of more than 3% per ten-year period. This was the Merrie England which we so love to represent on our Christmas cards and assiduously avoid imitating in

our daily life (if it were still possible, which of course it isn't — the face of the earth has changed from a Sherwood Forest to the wasteland of industrialism).

The chain of circumstances which started with the Reformation and culminated in the industrial revolution, profoundly changed England. There is no need to go into the well-known details here. First there was the confiscation of the monastic lands, which was followed in time by the enclosure laws and wholesale evictions. Meanwhile the widespread pauperization occasioned by the dissolution of the monasteries (it broke the whole framework of charity, and in addition set the religious into vagabondage) was dealt with first by inhuman laws against beggary and then by Poor Laws which were not any good either. Meanwhile small farms (through evictions) were consolidated into large farms, two or three families sufficing where formerly there had been several hundred, and arable land became pasture. Country people were forced into the city, where they lived wretchedly, and where they became grist for the mills of industrialism, which was just then unfortunately beginning. One can scarcely read the account of the industrial beginnings in England (which have finally culminated in the evils which beset that unfortunate country today, not to mention the ills and ugliness which have spread to the far corners of the earth from it) without weeping. Still, it is the purpose of this paper not to lament but to note the effects on population. *The most notable effect of the industrial revolution was a tremendous increase in population.* There are some people so misled that they would like to make out that this shows how good the industrial revolution was.

Note these increases:

Prior to 1751—never more than 3% increase in population
in any ten-year period.

1751-1761.....	6% increase
1761-1771.....	6% increase
1771-1781.....	6% increase
1781-1791.....	9% increase
1791-1801.....	11% increase
1801-1811.....	14% increase
1811-1821.....	18% increase

During the years between 1800 and 1820 there were famine conditions in England. After 1821 a vast emigration set in, so that 18% represents the peak increase percentage.

During the early period of industrialism children were welcomed because they were useful in the factories when they were as young as four years old. It is better to pass over this period swiftly.

In time industrialism began to regret the high birth rate. Technical improvements in machinery made child-labor unnecessary, as also a lot of adult labor. Periods of unemployment were setting in. Over-production was at first compensated for by exploiting all the unindustrialized countries of the world, but as other countries became industrialized themselves, the consequences of over-production caused more and more misery on the home front.

It was at this period that a few advanced and far-seeing souls started to see the advantage of contraception. Basically the advocates of contraception have always argued in the same way: Here we have a situation which is inevitable and cannot be changed (why not?), and therefore we have to go on to show mercy (or protect our own financial interests) through birth control. It is one of the mysteries of iniquity that industrial capitalism has always been considered immutable. Legion are the immoralities which have been perpetuated to the chant of "industrial capitalism is here to stay."

The next stage of industrialism, which is the one we are still in, is the stage in which it was realized by the capitalists that the worker is also the consumer, and that he must buy the luxuries he makes, even if he has to go without the necessities to do so. Here is where advertising comes in, which now surrounds all of us, inciting our concupiscence in every direction. Now the worker is willing to practice birth control, because he has to cut down somewhere and the advertisements will not let him cut down on clothes, extravagant food, amusements or labor-saving devices. Besides, his wife is usually working to help keep up the new standard of life.

But if a man does not practice birth control, he is still in a rather bad way as regards propagating the race. First of all, there is the danger of sterility from luxurious living and neuroses. But besides that there is the fact that his wife will have children with increasing difficulty.

It has been shown that soft, luxurious, depleted modern foods make childbirth increasingly difficult, through nutritional deficiencies which narrow the pelvic girdle. The increased difficulty leads in turn to increased need for hospitalization, more expense and elaborate anaesthesia, etc.

All the way along the line, from the dissolution of the monasteries (which marked the destruction of the Catholic Church in England and its moral authority), all the way along from the banishing of the priests to the turning out of the cottagers, to the crowding in the cities, to the poverty, the materialism, the introduction of contraception, all the way down to the Raleigh cigarette ads of our own glorious day, an increased sexual license has accompanied the process. The birth control people

may not be in favor of high school delinquency, but they are certainly fostering it. So and so, who has a 40-million dollar factory may not personally like adultery, but he is certainly providing a breeding ground for it, if only because of the dullness and uncreativity of the jobs in his plant. Do advertisers regret that they have to break down our will power in order to make their pretentious livings? One has not heard it.

The Future

It is evident now that we are in the crescendo part of the development herein outlined. In the cities there is a rapid intensification of all the evils: overcrowding, adulteration, pretension, pornography, despair, luxury. There is no sign of repentance, no sign of a reversal of direction. Take, for instance, the persistent efforts of city people to prevent decentralization. Consider the curious circumstances under which the United Nations' Headquarters came to choose a site in the heart of New York City. It looked for a while as though the United Nations was going to settle in Philadelphia, but the Rockefellers stopped that at a cost to themselves of, as I remember, some eight million dollars. Now obviously peace can be deliberated as well in the City of Brotherly Love as in New York. Why is it worth eight million dollars to the Rockefellers to keep the United Nations in an already hopelessly congested area? Can it be to protect their real estate interests?

In the country the situation is comparable. Large holdings and commercial farming are the rule. This tends to depopulate the country and so lessen the yield per acre (although it increases, temporarily, the yield per farmer).

The birth rate has been falling in England since 1900, and is in a bad way here (although temporarily buoyed up by a post-war boom in babies). With a falling birth rate you get a preponderance of old people, who must be supported by a decreasing number of young people. Hence our pre-occupation with social security. It would normally be quite a burden for the young to care for preponderantly large numbers of old. Who dares say that this does not present a temptation to the practice of euthanasia?

Even the Planned Parenthood Association is now concerned about the lack of fertility in its clients. It is expediency again, and not a return to morality. It will presently be expedient, especially if we get a dictator and are going to have another war, for the state to pay double for illegitimate children. By then we shall have committed just about all the sins it is possible for us to commit from having departed from the laws of objective morality.

The Remedy

The only remedy, of course, is to start immediate, strict observance of the *entire* moral law. Let those who marry have children as God sends them. It will comfort them to remember that God is not bound by the laws of a bad economic system, and that He will provide, somehow, extra (extra rooms and extra food) for the children He sends. It will take an heroic faith to act upon this principle, and a willingness to sacrifice a materialistic way of life. It is characteristic of our day that nothing less than an heroic faith will suffice. But there is no alternative; the mediocre will go under.

There will have to accompany this heroic trust in God's Providence, a general spiritual revolution against the materialism of our time. Let us preach the *unimportance* of being well-dressed. Let it be bruited about that it is a sin to incite concupiscence, whether it be a lust for an all-electric kitchen, incited through the courtesy of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the advertising agencies; or whether it be smart pornography in fashionable night clubs. Let us somehow or other leave the cities, somehow or other get wholesome food again.

Let us forget all about the American Way of Life, and start the Godly Way of Life, which will bring down graces upon us to rectify all the messes we have made of things.

PETER MICHAELS



TOO LITTLE AND TOO LATE

Planning parents can hardly hope,

With two or three but seldom more,

To match a Catherine of Sien'

The last but one of twenty-four.

OUR CHILD IS MENTALLY DEFECTIVE

The presence of evil in the universe of an All-Good, All-Powerful Creator is the springboard from which philosophers and theologians have taken to the waters of turbulent discussions, Lo, these many years.

The problem constitutes more than an academic challenge when it confronts you, the Man in the Street, in one of its protean, material forms. A solution becomes then an urgent, personal necessity. You cry, with Saint Augustine:

"Whence is this evil?"

When the doctor told us that our baby was mentally defective, our reaction was one of incredulity. Surely he—only a country practitioner, after all—had made a mistake. It wasn't possible that we were the victims of this Thing that happens, the doctor said, only once in ten thousand times.

Whistling in the dark, we left his office to begin the long pursuit of the will o' the wisp of hope. It beckoned us into the office of an ear specialist—perhaps the child was deaf only. "Just deaf" would be infinitely better than the other. It led us into the modernistic salon of a Park Avenue bio-chemist. He told us nothing at ten dollars a minute for five minutes. Perhaps we ought to see a brain man, we thought next. Thus hope teased us along a path of cruel self-delusion for many months. Like tenderfoots lost in the forest, we came back to where we'd started—and we were still lost.

My husband began to avoid the company of the child. He never went into the nursery and he made it plain that any conversations on the subject were painful. I began to dramatize myself as a valiant figure, fighting this battle in noble aloneness. I am ashamed to admit that I even did my husband the injustice of considering him callous and unfeeling. I had forgotten that fathers want to be proud of their sons, that they normally take them fishing and watch them play football, that a father's loving folly prompts him to buy an electric train long before the little fellow is old enough to know the difference between a transformer and a caboose. My husband's grief was inarticulate. His only armor was to act the role of tough guy. From the perspective that time has since afforded, I see now that I was far from alone in this desolate period.

Our son was two years old when Mary was born. She came into the world, charming and alert from the moment she filled her lungs with the alien Connecticut air and started squalling with the same virtuosity she has exhibited in everything else she has done since then. Every day thenceforward the difference between the two children became more marked as Mary followed the normal pattern of development. She outstripped her brother in only a few weeks.

The time had come. We could ignore no longer the fact that emerged from the fog of wishful thinking in which we had obscured it in our unwillingness to face the truth of the situation. With nothing left to explore or exploit, we now acknowledged that no human agency however skilled could restore wholeness to the congenitally defective son whom we had brought into the world with expectation and joy. We had to go on from there.

Our prayers bombarded Heaven. We had Masses said and the Sisters made innumerable novenas for our importunate intention. God works miracles all the time, we reassured ourselves, not yet really reconciled. I remember spending hour after hour trying to teach our son whom we had brought into the world with expectation and joy, to him, just once more, whispering, "Little Flower, make him do it, make him do it, this simple, little gesture!"

But he never learned to do it.

Time mitigated the shock of acknowledgment but it aggravated the heaviness of heart that comes with living with sorrow intimately, month after interminable, unrelieved month. Our emotions were spent. Psychologically this was, as I look back on it, the most crucial phase of our readjustment. For it was then that we were tempted to search the Will of God. Perhaps we were no more than His pawns in the pastime of Eternity. Omar's philosophy was beguiling, if specious. Why had the hand of the Potter shaken as he scooped up the primeval clay, imprisoning an immortal soul in the imperfect vase of our child's body? Was He a sadistic god, using power in the manner of an Infinite Bully because its exercise filled him with brutal exuberance? These thoughts came to me many times as I watched the little boy with the aureole of golden hair. They came, unbidden, during the night when his constant wailing filled me with that sense of indescribable desolation that Matthew Arnold called "the eternal note of human sadness." I thought beyond this present and personal grief and saw it as only a microcosm in the tide of war, disease, corruption and sin that engulfs all mortal things. That I had company in my sorrow did not alleviate the misery. It served rather to enhance it. I was aware that it had universal implications—Weltschmerz pervaded my thinking.

I discussed these thoughts with my confessor. He told me that God would send me the grace I needed, that even Our Lord had cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Our child was very ill during the first days following her birth. This incident precipitated a decision to which we had been reluctant to address ourselves. We placed our son in the care of a

woman whose name you would not recognize but whose work on behalf of a small group of other defective children has been heroic. She was a trained nurse. She had foresworn an easier phase of her profession because of her concern over the lack of facilities for the care of these children and had opened a twenty-bed hospital. When I took our son to place him there, she took me into the ward. As I looked at the monstrous infants in the little, white beds, I said to her,

"How sad this all is—they would be so lovely if they were normal!"

Her answer was vehement. Stroking the head of a tiny, hydrocephalic baby, she replied passionately,

"They are lovely—otherwise God would not have made them."

Her fee was ridiculously low and she never asked parents to pay for extra items such as oxygen and special medications and doctors' consultations. Our association with her was an important factor in the rehabilitation of the emotional and spiritual damage we had undergone. She had opened a door!

Our child has never come home again. We believe that the care he is getting now is far better than that which we could provide and that his presence would prejudice the psychological welfare of the three little daughters who are entitled to the environment of a normal home. We seldom talk about our son and we visit him only when an emergency makes it advisable. This arrangement originally required a degree of self-discipline on our part. It appears, for us, the wiser course. Conforming to it has become automatic. Only once in a while do I remember, as is written in "Kristin Lavransdatter," that a mother's heart is never delivered of its burden as the womb is.

After fifteen years of trial-and-error groping for the answer to Saint Augustine's "Whence is this evil?," we have found the answer.

The answer, found, surprised us. It was the realization that what we thought to be evil was in reality a manifestation of God's goodness. Our prayers have been answered—and far more generously than we had dared hope for in the days we prayed for a miracle.

This experience has brought us from shallowness and doubt, to the deeper, unsounded waters of spiritual understanding and human sympathy. It has not made saints of us—we are too blamed ornery for that—but we hope that it has purified our lives of much that was superficial and worldly. God has given us a precious commodity, the gift of interior peace that comes when one has finally achieved an unconcern for the ephemeral and the temporal. He has honored us with a privilege unwarranted by our worthiness for we have been the vessel in which has been raised to Him a soul utterly uninfected by the

contagions of sin. Our son's life has been a constant act of reparation for the irreligion and materialism of the world in which he will never move.

Supplementing these spiritual blessings, God has even provided temporal blessings with splendid largesse. He has sensitized us to His Face in the stars and the seas and the panorama of the Seasons. He has increased our capacity for joy in the three little daughters who get A's on their report cards, have perennially rosy cheeks and are sometimes derelict in washing behind their ears. This life looks good to us.

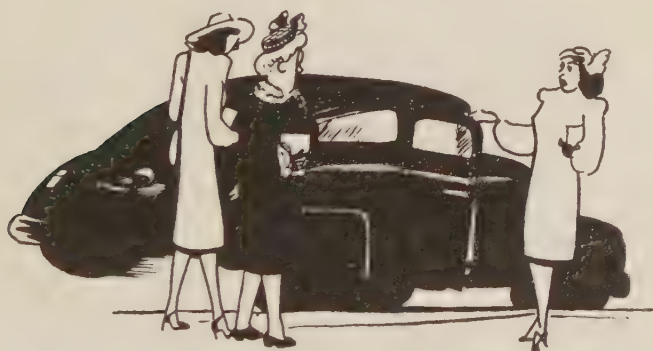
I believe that our mentally defective child has justified his existence in time as well as in eternity. The investment of mortal tears will return immortal dividends.

Saint Paul wrote:

"Our own tribulation which is at present momentary and light worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory."

What more can we ask?

ANONYMOUS



MATRIARCH

A tower of strength, beyond reproach,

Is Mrs. John McBarry.

She loves her girls so very much.

She will not let them marry.

THE FAMILY HAS LOST ITS HEAD

The rhyme about Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat and their divergent tastes in meat is a refreshing relic from some earlier day when it was considered more important that mates should be complementary than that they should be similar. The fact that Jack could eat no fat, and the Mrs. eat no lean is as apt and typical a condition of marital dissimilarity as one could find. My wife abhors sugar in her tea, whereas I dislike cream. My friend's wife loves brilliantly colored furnishings, while he prefers neutral shades. This divergence in tastes rather than making married life difficult, is the factor most contributive to its preservation as an institution. Diversity makes for beauty.

In this factor we see but one in a legion of reasons why the idea of the family and the true relation of its parts, is almost incomprehensible to the modern mind. In the modern scheme of things the concept of unity is not that which one finds in an organism such as a flower or vine, but rather that kind of unity found in a heap of ashes. Instead of dissimilar things brought to a common fruition by a sharing of functions, the modern unity is achieved by the reduction of all things to their elemental form. The relations of persons is no longer a meeting of minds, but a wedding of valences, or, in marriage, the reconciliation of metabolisms. Consequently the solution to divorce is not the marriage of likes, but marriage based upon a concept of life that finds order and beauty in diversity. The sole requirement for pairing off under such a concept, would be that the man be manly, the woman womanly, and both more or less willing to accept the fact that the children would be childish. All that *needs* to be common to a man and wife, is a common Faith, common sense, a common bed and board, and common children. Beyond this, all other common interests can only cement the marital bond, if they are interests normally common to either sex.

To the peril of the institution of the family, men are seeking to build the common bond upon those habits of the man and woman, which by their nature should remain autonomous. Rarely sharing a common faith, the marital expert insists that the mates read the same books or smoke the same brand of cigarettes. Commonly lacking common sense, the man and wife are counseled to share the same intellectual prejudices. Frequently lacking a normal quota of common children, the couples are advised to baby each other, and play the same games. Now if the basis of marriage harmony is playing the same games, you may be sure that it will be a losing game, and one in which it will be more and more the custom for one child to pick up the marbles and look for another playmate. To say that marriage is companionship is the same kind of lie as saying that Christ was a good man.

If that is all that He is, or all that it is, then the human race has been victim of a malicious fraud. If marriage is a question of a man leaving a number of male companions to cling to one female companion, then marriage is a mad institution indeed. It is just a mad kind of card game in which the dummy has the children; it is a kind of tennis match in which the children are the balls, and love is a way of keeping score. It is a race in which the human race is bound to lose.

Marriage is a wonderful thing that only God could have invented. The Church compares it with the union between Christ and His Church, for there is no other comparison on earth to do it justice. This should serve as warning to us that we should approach a study of marriage with great humility, realizing at the outset that this institution has only the faintest resemblance to the modern substitute falsely classified under the same title, and listed in the same book at City Hall.

Saint Paul has something to say about marriage which is of more than passing interest. The Church in her wisdom has incorporated it into the nuptial Mass. The good saint says, "Let women be subject to their husbands at to the Lord: for the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the Head of the Church. He is the Saviour of His body. Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands in all things." On the basis of this testimony, with that nasty dogmatism so characteristic of Catholics, I present the statement without debate that "the man is head of the family." This is a conclusion hardly substantiated by statistics. Generally speaking the American male is not the head of the family. This difference between the counsel of St. Paul and the evidences of our senses in the matter of masculine headship is of prime importance, if we are intent upon reforming the family. The restoration of all things in Christ must include, well up on the agenda, the restoring of the man to his proper position within the family economy.

The Differences Between the Sexes

The most obvious fact and consequently the one most overlooked except by simple-minded Christians, is that marriage is a happy relationship because of the difference between the sexes, and not because they are similar. The proper end of marriage is the propagation of children and depends, it has been whispered, on functions peculiar to each sex. This evokes a problem very upsetting to the equalitarian. Difference of function implies difference of status. You cannot say that a woman is the equal of a man, any more than you can say that an apple is the equal of a peach, unless you have a different definition of equality from the rest of mankind. This difference between the sexes is not only physical but psychological, and it is because of these natural

differences and not because of any ecclesiastical decree that man is the normal head of the family.

Man's physical qualifications for the job of headship are seldom questioned. His superior physical strength makes him the logical breadwinner, and for obvious reasons the breadwinner should be the head of the family. Women, during long periods of pregnancy, and while nursing, are dependent. This dependency indicates the function of the man. The head of the family must be independent. Adequate as these reasons may be for the establishment of headship, it is more the psychological peculiarities of the man which indicate his proper function as husband and father.

The outstanding male tendency is to be objective. The man can more readily stand off and consider a thing apart from its relation to himself. In a woman this quality, though possible, is rarely developed. She, on the contrary, is personal and tends to measure all things with her heart. For that reason she is more readily sympathetic and willing to serve. It is this tendency, when brought to virtue, which makes a woman the warm, pulsating heart of the family. When she is free to do so, a woman gravitates to certain interests and occupations different from those which capture the fancy of man. Seldom is she interested in those sciences which demand the utmost in objectivity. The fields of theology, philosophy, mathematics, and academic law have been and always will be the fields of the man. Anything which requires human sympathy and selfless friendship will be most attractive to women. Women succeed as novelists, on the whole, because of their easily stimulated sympathies, and wherever the male novelist is superior it is usually because of philosophic content. Since man's objectivity makes him more interested in universals than particulars, the composition of music, and the making of art objects in their purest form, will always be predominantly male occupations. It is neither by accident nor conspiracy that women have always been homemakers, nor is it male arrogance to say that that is their proper place. The female temperament is most happy surrounded by particular and familiar creatures on which she may be free to exercise her tremendous capacity for loving devotion.

To tell a man that he is illogical is as much an insult as to deny a woman's intuitive abilities. Wives will always say, "John Jones, you make me mad. You're always so coldly analytical!" The husband will eternally retort, "But you are always jumping to conclusions!" This is the method proper to each for attaining a deeper understanding of truth. The combination of the logical genius of man and the intuitive genius of woman is one of God's most beautiful syntheses, and it is the natural gift upon which the parents' authority to teach their children is based.

Man's other tendencies are a consequence of his objectivity, and his physical prowess. He is by nature aggressive and direct. It is his to initiate and to envision. The woman is by nature more retiring, satisfied to find strength in her husband's protection. She is circumspect, using devious methods to gain her ends, resorting to tact or diplomacy as expedient instruments. All of these innate characteristics help us to determine man's proper place in society and in the home.

Difficult to Prove

What I have said here, is not all that can be said about the relation of the man and wife in marriage, and you can't prove any of it by the isolated case of John Dee or Mary Daa. It would be even difficult to prove the aptness of categorizing male and female temperaments in this way, by taking a poll among your friends. That is the sad part of it! There is a condition in modern times which, for a lack of a better word, I will call feminization. It is a condition both in the family and in the community which is the result of a preponderance of feminine virtue being exercised under circumstances that demand the masculine approach. The blame, if there were any advantage to placing it anywhere, is upon the men. The women are not usurping the places of the men, nor would denying them that questionable privilege solve anything. Wives and mothers are being forced to take over the throne from which the husband and father has abdicated. The man has become inoperative.

Where it is the function of the woman to be heart and center of the family, it is the function of the man to relate his family to the rest of society for the mutual benefit of all. This *relating of the family to the community* is the root foundation of the married man's vocation. This is his field, his domain. If the man does not control this field then the woman must, and the result will be a disregard for the common good and an over-emphatic concern for the well-being of the individual family. Since the well-being of the individual family should proceed from the common good and not merely be a sum total of all the individual goods an over-concern for the individual family's welfare will bring about a state of affairs spelling chaos for the whole society. There is a normal tension between the man and wife in regard to the question of the common good. It is the kind of tension that makes for balance. The woman will usually place the good of her family first. For her to do so is normal. The man, if he is truly head of the family, realizes that his family's well-being depends upon the common good and thus will make the common good the first end of his work. With him that sense called social consciousness will not be merely a part-time hobby, but the motivating force in everything he does. When called upon to do so, he will even jeopardize his family's welfare in order to serve

the common good. Men have always done this in time of war. It may sometimes be asked of them in time of peace. Today, faced as we are with the need for reorganizing the social order, this responsibility to serve the common good cannot be shirked if we are to avoid complete disaster.

As it was of St. Joseph, the greatest praise for a man is that he be a "just man." The masculine temperament, being objective, logical, and direct, is a fitting occasion for the virtue of justice. This is the virtue most lacking in persons and their affairs today. We have evidence of charity, goodwill, emotional sympathy on the part of many people, all of which fail to compensate for the lack of justice. It is typically feminine to be sympathetic for the lot of the impoverished. It is typically masculine to crusade against the injustices which are the root causes of the deprivation.

Matriarchy

The average American family is approaching a matriarchy. Sons are adopting the virtues of their mothers for lack of a substantial display of masculine virtue by the fathers. The movies, radio scripts, and comic strips have all adopted this theme of masculine inferiority in the home, and it rings appallingly true to life. Among the faithful in the Church it is as evident as elsewhere. The expression of the Faith today is primarily private devotion and not public apostolicity, and it is the former that appeals most to women, and the latter which appeals most to men. Even the parochial men's groups, have taken on a feminine flavor hardly relieved by an occasional "Sport Nite." Not the least misfortune that results from this feminization is that these male parochial groups act as buffers between the clergy and other men who, though possibly less pious, possess an aggressive masculinity ripe for conversion to the apostolate.

The constant and endless regard of today's *good* husband for the well-being of his family, so that he saves from the time of their birth for the education of his children while his neighbor's children starve, or while his local political system grows corrupt, or his Faith goes unchampioned, or his brother is exploited, is a sign of the times. It is goodness measured by the standard of the wife, and thus she is the actual head of the family. This is not good headship measured by any objective standard. Such a father may leave an inheritance of wealth to his sons, whereas what they need most is masculine virtue lived out for their emulation. The son in such a matriarchy of predominately feminine concerns, becomes one of those lads whose lack of masculine virtue has been called "momism." Under stress he becomes inoperative for lack of the soothing hand of a tender woman on his brow. He is

of little use to the army, and is poor material for Catholic Action. Unless he mend his ways, the son of such a father will prove to be a greater handicap to his future wife than was his dad. He will be just another child for his wife to care for. Until men go back to the masculine pursuits of devotion to the common good, relating the talents of their children to that end, they will fail to fulfill amply the office of head of the family.

The Causes

The cause of a lapsed fatherhood is not difficult to find. I think there are two root causes. The first is immodesty on the part of women and incontinence on the part of men. The second is intellectual irresponsibility bred by modern methods of work.

Modesty and continence go hand in hand. Without either or both virtues men become the slaves of women. The natural tendencies to sexual promiscuity and feminine coquettishness as consequence of original sin, have been aided and intensified by the popular use of contraceptives. Previous to their wide-spread distribution, male continence was encouraged by women if not by the moral law, for fear of the social tragedy of bearing illegitimate children. Nature permitted to take its course rendered a punishment that few women would dare risk incurring. Thus for reasons of respectability as well as morality certain social precautions were taken to save men from themselves. The most effective of these was modesty in dress. Another was the custom of chaperons, both good Christian customs. The manufacture of contraceptives (made possible by mass-production methods) changed all this. There was nothing to fear now but God, (which is ironic, because if God were generally feared neither contraceptives nor mass-production would ever have come into existence!). Women set out to be attractive, and men gave up trying to be continent. The whole social attitude toward woman changed so that today a pious virgin can dress to the point of being indistinguishable from a harlot without evoking any comment more adverse than a whistle.

This change in the character of womanhood drastically revised the common attitude toward marriage. Having children became arbitrary. The female instrument of contraception placed the decision for having children on the shoulders of the mother. It became her prerogative to say how few children she should have. When you add this fact to the obsolescence of the male virtue of continence it is no wonder that the modern male has become subservient. We would be astonished to discover how many kept women decide the policies of our nation, due to the judicious use of their wiles and the extreme vulnerability of incontinent men.

Wherever the Catholic family continues to maintain the Christian principles of morality in relation to the marriage act, it has to be done unaided by social customs and habits of the same order. Although a wife may be of good will, she may still subscribe to the current social views on female decorum wherever they do not obviously clash with morality. She may still feel that children are arbitrary and encourage the practice of Catholic (?) birth control indiscriminately and for motives hardly sufficient to warrant so dangerous a practice. The man may consider his wife an exception while continuing to hold the current views toward womanhood. This will not only try his fidelity but also make him unfit to guide his growing sons and daughters. Private virtue in regard to chastity will always be seriously threatened until it is accompanied by public customs of morality.

The second cause of the loss of male headship may very well be a remote consequence of the first. It is otherwise difficult to explain why men have for so long tolerated a social system so detrimental to the fulfillment of their vocations. The concentration of productive property in the hands of a few has left the average husband no alternative but to let himself out for hire. He no longer possesses either the skills, the property, or the tools to set his own motives or standard of work. Returning home from an office where all his conquests have been of doubtful merit to the community at large, or from a factory where his efficiency is measured by mechanical standards, he can maintain dominion over his family only by reversing the habits which have characterized his day. What virtues he does possess can only be revealed to his children under home circumstances much more favorable to his wife. He finds himself helping her in tasks of her own invention, doing work which she initiates. In the eyes of the children and his wife, he soon assumes a subordinate role. It is small wonder that the suburban husband in more cases than one seems somewhat less formidably masculine than his wife!

To Reassure the Ladies

A casual glance at the foregoing arguments might lead my lady readers to arm themselves against a turbulent and bloody revolution espoused by the menfolk. Housewives might run to the drygoods store for scarlet draping material to match the color of the blood soon to be shed in their living rooms. Dear old dad, they may suspect, will go about like some Charles Laughtonesque lion seeking whom he may devour. Becoming once again the head of the family might go to father's head. By contrast with the new regime the Barretts of Wimpole Street will be considered a family with a hen-pecked father. For that reason, before jumping to such conclusions (or, if you will, arriv-

ing at intuitive perceptions), I hope that the ladies' glances will be more than casual. Whatever a male headship may add to a household will be something more satisfying than bruises or broken heads. It might be that peace of mind so vainly sought by neurotic matrons in the book of that same name. At any rate it will be a state of affairs which a more sane people than we considered normal.

Whatever the specific remedy may be, the general prescription is this. Men must return to the concept of manhood in which each man is considered to have a mission to fulfill. This mission is related to: first, the honor and glory of God; second, the common good, and third, to his specific contribution to each. In the work of fulfilling this mission some men take a helpmate, so that in one flesh, and one mind, and one heart, they may more effectively accomplish this mission. As a result of this holy union children are born. These children in turn are educated by word and deed to a physical, intellectual, and spiritual maturity so that they too may take up the mission to which God has called them. As you can also see that it calls for a kind of apostolicity, and more than that, a conversion. Without this Christian concept the family has only half a meaning, and that is the women's half. When only this half-meaning is known the children are all dressed up with no place to go. They are prepared but no one knows for what. Everyone is getting ready for a great occasion which never happens. The meaning that the man gives to the family is purpose, direction, motive and end.

When groups of families get together to discuss these things, Christ will be there in the midst of them, and so too, Mary and Joseph. The job of the men will be to discover what their specific missions are. The job of the women will be to discover how they can best assist their husbands in the accomplishment of their missions. As time goes on with corporate discussion and personal meditation the men will see, as their Holy Father has, that their vocations must be part of the Church's crusade to restore the affairs of men to Christ. This will become the end which gives meaning to their every act. What was first an evening spent in companionable and neighborly discussion will become for them a new way of life. As they look back on their lives they will see as its milestones, not their first pair of long pants, or their school graduation, or the first dollar they earned, or the first time they met their wives, but rather, they will see those magnificent steps to maturity in Christ, Baptism, Penance, the Eucharist, and Matrimony.

The work which fills the days of these men will fall under greater scrutiny. They will reform it to coincide with the laws of charity and justice courageously without fear of consequence, knowing how ridiculous and imprudent it is to seek security elsewhere than in the further-

ance of God's Will. They may conclude that the work they are now doing is without merit and directed solely toward the profit of the owners at the expense of the common good. Then they will consider ways and means to abstract themselves from that job, so that they may better use the talents that God has given them for His purpose.

These are the things that men can do to regain the headship of the family. You may wonder that I have said little about religious practices or the cultivation of virtue. Can it be that I am putting too much emphasis on the social problem and not enough on the problems of the spirit? That is not my intention. Once men have become aware of the magnificent mission to which they have been called, they will hunger for the Eucharist as they have never hungered before. Their virtue will not be cultivated merely by quiet spiritual exercises but rather come as the consequence of Christ acting through them in their daily apostolate. With a new purposefulness, the new Christian man will lift his fellows from the quiet desperation of their lives, and in acting Christ-like, he will be setting for his children an example which is the crowning glory of fatherhood.

ED WILLOCK

BOOK REVIEWS

New Vision Through Revision

**THE PSALMS—
A NEW TRANSLATION**
By Ronald Knox.
Sheed and Ward.
Price: \$2.00.

Msgr. Knox has done an admirable piece of work in this fresh translation of Our Lord's Prayerbook. Written in rhythmic prose and set up in paragraph (not verse) form, it is terse, accurate, vigorous Anglo-Saxon throughout, not a high-flown attempt at the King's English. Psalms 18 and 22, for example, are delightfully done, and add considerable clarity. Instead of: "Who can understand sins? From my secret ones cleanse me, O Lord" we have "And yet, who knows his own frailties? If I have sinned unwittingly, do thou absolve me." And for "The Lord ruleth me: and I shall want nothing" the more spontaneous and child-like "The Lord is my shepherd; how can I lack anything?" "He hath converted my soul" suddenly comes to life when you read "He revives my drooping spirits." The poetic but mysterious "Day unto day uttereth speech: and night to night sheweth knowledge" of Psalm 18 emerges "Each day echoes its secret to the next, each night passes on to the next its revelation of knowledge."

But whether it's old age or obstinacy, I still prefer "I will rejoice at they words, as one that hath found great spoil" to "Victors rejoice not more over rich spoils, than I in thy promises" (Psalm 118) and "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation: and strengthen me with a perfect spirit" to the more

prosaic, and perhaps more accurate, "Give me back the comfort of thy saving power, and strengthen me in generous resolve." (Psalm 50) And the old Douai "Thou hast commanded thy commandments to be kept most diligently" still seems smoother and stronger than "Above all else it binds us, the charge thou hast given us to keep."

For rich and beautiful variations, it is rewarding to compare "The heavens shew forth the glory of God: and the firmament declareth the work of his hands" with "See how the skies proclaim God's glory, how the vault of heaven betrays his craftsmanship!" and "he hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way" with "he exults like some great runner who sees the track before him."

For a nice balance of intellectual independence and scholarly accuracy, Msgr. Knox deserves high praise.

Frances Clare O'Reilly

Glimpses of the Great

THE FACE OF THE SAINTS

By Wilhelm Schamoni.

Translated by Anne Freemantle.

(120 authentic likenesses of Saints in full-page illustrations, each portrait accompanied by a short biography.)

Pantheon Press. Price: \$4.50.

This is a book which ought to meet with immense popularity. For anyone beyond the brute stage, be he worldly or wiser, should react like a lyre to the impact of these towering personalities as they face

us from these pages. What's more the writing as well as the photography is superior, even though the biographies are nothing more than thumbnail sketches. Especially notable is the introduction itself which gives as clear a description of the development of the Church's policy in regard to canonization as I've ever read. It may come as a shock to some to learn that Francis de Sales was the first Saint solemnly beatified. And that Thomas More and John Fisher were canonized by Pius XI despite the fact that there were no miracles after their beatification. Others will stop short at Dr. Carrel's account of seeing "a huge cancerous growth . . . shrink into a tiny scar." And most of us would hardly be able to define "equipollent canonization" right off the cuff.

But it is the book proper, the Saints themselves in life or death who exert their ineluctable fascination—from sharp-faced, ascetic, distinguished-looking John Chrysostom to soft, luminous-eyed Mother Frances Cabrini. No wonder Teresa of Avila laughed at her portrait; a vainer woman would have winced. The resemblance between St. Antoninus and the late Father Baker, between Francis Borgia and Pius XII and, at least facially, between Jennifer Jones and the real Bernadette, is striking. Among the more awesome but less familiar figures are Mary Frances of the Five Wounds, Veronica Giustiani and Clara of Montefalco. Casimir of Poland, Teresa of Lisieux and Benedict Joseph Labre stand out for beauty. No one could pass over Catherine of Genoa with her piercing gaze or fail to be struck by the utter peace and happiness mirrored even in the death mask of John Joseph of the Holy Cross.

Of the brief biographies, Conrad Birnborfer's stands out. He must have been one of the most lovable men in the 19th century as Philip Neri undoubtedly was in the 16th.

For non-Catholics this book should serve as an over-whelming introduction to the Saints.

Frances Clare O'Reilly

Lamb Among Wolves

THINKING IT OVER

By Thomas F. Woodlock.

Declan X. McMullen Co.

Price: \$3.00.

The late Mr. Woodlock was for many years an editor and the daily columnist for the *Wall Street Journal*. This is said to be a representative collection of his columns, arranged according to subject rather than date.

What interests me especially in this book is to try to reconcile Wall Street with Mr. Woodlock, or vice versa. First let us consider Mr. Woodlock, who was nearly eighty at the time of his recent and lamented death. His life was without financial blemish and he was personally honored and respected on all counts. He took his Catholicity seriously, even writing a book, "The Catholic Pattern," in witness of his faith. Just to see him, as I did on nearly his last Ash Wednesday, early approaching the altar at St. Patrick's Cathedral, was to realize that he was a man living very close to God.

What then, of Mr. Woodlock's Wall Street? As revealed in these essays it is the same old Wall Street at its best: Capitalist, conservative, bent on investment rather than speculation, terrified of Communism, scornful and fearful of government control, fighting mad at the packing of the Supreme Court, early alert to the menace of Hitler, and derisive of liberalism.

My disagreement with Mr. Woodlock's economic doctrine is not entire (but nearly so) and profound. That does not so much matter now. What literally astounds me is that there is hardly a single statement in these essays which differs from the "party-line" of a myriad of the more intelligent Republican Capitalists who were, and are, as regards their spiritual lives, poles apart from Mr. Woodlock. It is as plain as anything, why Mr. Woodlock was popular with the men of Wall Street. What is not plain, at least to me, is why there was no apparent effort made to bridge the spiritual gap.

Let us put it this way. Mr. Woodlock was a man of prayer, writing for an audience composed largely of the spiritually underprivileged, yet not speaking to them of God. To be sure, he reduced all his arguments (via the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence) to the dignity of the human person, which he then predicted on a supreme moral law or some such (which meant to him the fulness of the Faith, but which, I am certain, conjured up precisely nothing to his largely non-Catholic audience). Aside from that, God is practically not mentioned. Christ is never named in the book that I could find, not even at Christmas. Goodness is advocated under the guise of the natural law rather than the Redemption. But is the Redemption irrelevant to Wall Street? Or even to the preservation of the natural law?

Similarly, there is that common habit of exposing the sins of absent brethren. It is perfectly safe to damn Communists on Wall Street. But what about the sins of avarice and luxury? Where is the prophet who will damn them on Wall Street?

It will be said that Mr. Woodlock was a columnist on a financial paper, not a preacher. He was not hired to save men's souls, but to clarify issues within the Capitalistic system. That is what Mr. Woodlock undoubtedly thought himself, for he was very apostolic, generous, and devout in his private

life, and no one could suggest that he was any less than totally dedicated to work for the Church and the preservation of society.

Nevertheless, because I am most familiar with the state of the receiving end of his columns, I wish he *had* preached, and I cannot help but feel that he ought to have done so. Maybe he would have lost his job. Maybe on the other hand, he would have broken down the financiers' morbid embarrassment about discussing the things that really matter. The elder J. P. Morgan used to let himself into an empty church on weekdays because he liked to sing hymns. It is a pathetic little gesture, showing that a man may gain the whole world and not know what to do with his own soul. In the midst of such, where is one's duty? Mr. Woodlock sometimes gives the impression of a man tied in mental knots from trying to reduce the Apostle's Creed to the size of the Declaration of Independence.

It is easy, now that the Faith is on the *offensive* (and no one is any longer really awed at Wall Street) to say these things. It may have been impossible and imprudent to have said them in the era, so recent and yet so finished now, to which Mr. Woodlock belonged. In any case, my remarks are intended more as pricks to our own contemporary consciences than as condemnation of a man who was far better than I am. R.I.P.

Carol Jackson

THE THREE AGES

OF THE INTERIOR LIFE, Vol. I

By Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.

Trans. by Sr. M. Timothea Doyle, O.P.

Herder. Price: \$5.00.

This is the first one translated of a two-volume work on the spiritual life by the most eminent French Thomist. The entire work represents a summary of a course

on ascetical and mystical theology which has been given in the Angelicum in Rome for the past twenty years, this volume ending after a consideration of the way of beginners. According to the author himself, this work treats in a higher and simpler manner the same subjects as covered in *Christian Perfection and Contemplation*, and *L'amour du Dieu et la croix de Jesus*, and indeed it is much less controversial, and therefore easier, than the former work.

For those who are not familiar with Garrigou-Lagrange, we should say that he is a brilliant defender of St. Thomas' doctrine of grace and that he consequently holds (and keeps reiterating) that the path of the saints through the purgative, illuminative and unitive stages is the normal and inevitable path for all of us; and that most of us are bogged down somewhere on the outskirts of the spiritual life for lack of understanding of the path of holiness and because of resultant general ineptitude in our spiritual lives. So he undertakes to explain the why, wherefore and how. Most of this volume is given over to a general treatment of the life of grace and the spiritual organism. Only toward the end does it come to a specific consideration of the way of beginners.

Let learned men give the author the praise and appreciation owing from theologians. We are not competent to do so. All we can say is that we are abundantly grateful to and for Garrigou-Lagrange. He is *Integrity's* favorite theologian. He is simple enough for us. He is abundantly lucid. Reading this book you are alternately exclaiming, "Oh, *that's why* . . ." and finding yourself carried away by the greatness of the ideal sanctity.

The translation is excellent, as also is the typography.

Carol Jackson

The Mediocre Man

"The truly mediocre man admires everything a little and nothing with warmth. . . . He considers every affirmation insolent, because every affirmation excludes the contradictory proposition. But if you are slightly friendly and slightly hostile to all things, he will consider you wise and reserved. The mediocre man says there is good and evil in all things, and that we must not be absolute in our judgments. If you strongly affirm the truth, the mediocre man will say that you have too much confidence in yourself. The mediocre man regrets that the Christian religion has dogmas. He would like it to teach only ethics, and if you tell him that its code of morals comes from its dogmas as the consequence comes from the principles, he will answer that you exaggerate. . . . If the word "exaggeration" did not exist, the mediocre man would invent it.

The mediocre man appears habitually modest. He cannot be humble, or he would cease to be mediocre. The humble man scorns all lies, even were they glorified by the whole earth, and he bows the knee before every truth. . . . If the naturally mediocre man becomes seriously Christian, he ceases absolutely to be mediocre. . . . The man who loves is never mediocre."

From Ernest Hello, L'homme, Bk. 1, chap. 8 (The Three Ages of the Interior Life, Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, footnote on page 201)